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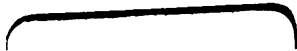


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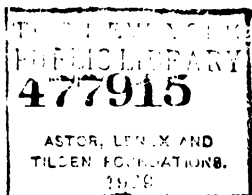
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By OTTO STECHHAN.

MOTTO

MARGARET. Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST. Yes, I in God believe,
Question or priest or sage and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET. Then thou dost not believe ?

FAUST. Sweet one, my meaning do not misconceive ;
Him who dare name
And who proclaim,
Him I believe ?
Who that can feel, his heart can steal,
To say, I believe him not ?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer.
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself ?
Lifts not the heaven its dome above ?
Doth not the firm set earth beneath us lie ?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high ?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes ?
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain ?
Fill thence thy heart, how large so'er it be ;
And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
Then call it what you will—
Call it bliss ! heart ! love ! God !
I have no name for it !—
'Tis feeling all ;
Name is but sound and smoke,
Shrouding the glow of heaven.

—FAUST (GOETHE).

**DEDICATED
TO
ALL LOVERS OF NATURE AND THE NATURAL
BY
OTTO STECHHAN**

(v)

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I FEAR THEE NOT.

Why should I kneel into the dust
Before my Maker grand,
Expressing doubt that he is just,
Why stay his guiding hand?
Why should I cower 'neath his throne,
Why pray to him on high,
And why in misery should I moan,
And in despair why cry?
Why call him good, why call him grand?
Why should I God adore?
Why penance do, with folded hand,
By flatt'ry him implore?
Why should I beg in accents loud
This human soul to spare?
Why beg of him withhold the shroud,
Till I his kingdom share?
Did God but make the human form
To praise forever him?
Was but for this the human born,
To follow out a whim?

Did we receive a God-like form,
A soul in fetters bound,
Does ne'er awake a golden morn,
But must his glory sound?

Did God exclaim, "O call me great,
My power thou must feel,
I love to see what I create,
As slaves before me kneel?"
Must I, for what I asked him not,
Forever go in chains?
Is this my only earthly lot,
Is this what life contains?

I fear thee not, I look thee straight
In thy all-seeing eye,
And kneel I not before thy state,
Yet hear I thy reply:
"A being that but human ranks,
With noble soul endowed,
Asks no reward, nor praise, nor thanks
For favors once allowed.

"Wouldst thou the omnipotence think
Yet less than human be?
Expect divinity not to shrink
From loathsome flattery?

Thy form I let an image be
Of nothing less than mine,
Thy soul has constant liberty,
Shall ne'er in bonds repine.

“Not ask I thee to be my slave,
Nor for thy life atone,
You asked not me for what I gave,
My will it was alone;
Arise from off thy bended knee,
Cast off thy shackles bold,
Look ever fearless up to me,
My wishes now behold—

“No idle words of praise are they,
No homage do I ask,
The laws of nature but obey,
And thou hast done thy task.
By nature are my wishes taught,
These, man, O, study well,
Then with thy Maker will thy thoughts,
Thy soul, in favor dwell.”

THE POET'S LONGING.

When a poet has arisen
From oppressive mental night,
When his shackles he has broken,
By his genius seeking light,
Virgin worlds has he created
Undeiled by vulgar hand,
But by him alone explored,
Monarch of a fairy land.

On a throne of airy splendor
Soaring in a realm of light,
By the muses all surrounded,
He proclaims his royal right,
And the worlds by him created
Pass his eye in grand tourney;
Rapt in awe, in admiration,
Hours, days and ages flee.

And with lofty inspiration
Is imbued his yearning mind;
Then refreshed at this fountain
He returns to human kind;

Then extolling freedom's blessings,
Bounteous nature, love supreme,
To inspire his fellow-mortal
With his ideal, is his dream.

But in vain his voice is pleading
In a cheerless, barren land,
No responsive echo waking
Forth no blossom brings the sand,
And the cliffs, so cold, so cragged,
Never warming in the sun,
Uninviting, dark and dreary,
Cruelly spurn the wand'rer on

In despair the desert fleeing,
Sore at heart, in wild unrest;
Not a friend to list his longing
Bids him linger, be his guest;
Hope alone his spirit guiding,
That the seed that he has sown
Will, beyond his grave resounding,
Plead his cause in magic tone;

That when 'neath the sward imbedded
Rests his heart from longing free,
Then his songs will soul-inspiring
Hearts attune in sympathy;

That his cause has found a haven,
That his songs were not in vain,
Not forgotten are his musings,
Is the poet's last refrain.

A MOTHER'S EYE.

When thou behind thy smiles and laughter
Dost hide thy troubles day for day,
When not a sigh from thee escaping,
When not a tear dost thou betray,
Then canst deceive thy friend, thy brother;
Not sees the world thy grief, thy pain,
Nor yet suspects what thou art hiding;
What does thy aching breast retain?

But one alone can all thy smiling,
Can all thy jesting not deceive,
An eye so true, so mildly beaming,
Thy slightest grievance will perceive.
It gazes deep into thy bosom,
And all thy sorrow does appear;
It knows at once that gay deception
Conceals a silent, bitter tear.

Oh shield it well, this eye so loving!
Oh keep it sacred evermore,
And let it guide thee in thy trouble,
And, as thy Savior, it adore.

For naught is all thy merry-making,
Deception wouldst in vain thou try,
Thou canst deceive the world, thy brother,
But not thy mother's loving eye.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Gorgeously in dress of splendor
Shines the wood at autumn time,
Painted by the hand of nature,
Grandly, with a brush sublime.

Every leaf in colors blending,
Perfect and in harmony,
Tints as from a sunset taken
Glow from every bush and tree.

Nature dons its garment royal,
When the summer fades away,
Greets the coming hoary winter
In this gay and festive way;

Greets him with the colors flying,
Every leaf a farewell sigh,
Joyfully, though slowly dying
For again the spring is nigh.

KISSING THEE

When thee I kiss, my pretty maid,
No cloud the orb'd moon shall shade,
The sun in brilliancy shall shine,
A flood of light shall thee enshrine.

For see, I would the roses blow
Upon thy dimpled cheek, aglow,
Gaze on thy lips so red, so sweet,
That oft their love for me repeat.

Deep would I gaze into thine eyes,
That beam as stars, from dreamy skies,
Look in the mirror of thy soul
Then linger at enchanted goal.

When then our glances blend in one,
Our lips, a paradise have won,
No greater bliss could love devise—
Than kissing thee, to feast mine eyes.

VIOLETS.

In the woodland just awaking
To the plaintiff voice of spring,
Where the gentle dove is cooing,
And the lark is on the wing;
Where the bluebird and the robin
Warble forth their melody,
And in sun-kissed, flow'ry meadow
Swarms the busy honey bee;
There, half hidden in the shadow
Of a storm-felled giant tree,
Under moss and shelt'ring verdure
From the tempest safe and free,
I espied a dainty flower
Clad in tints of azure blue,
And this emblem of devotion
I have plucked, my dear, for you.
Of our love it is a token,
Ever constant, ever true;
Let it be a sweet reminder
Of a heaven bright and blue,

**Of the blissful, happy moments,
Flow'ry paths together trod,
Heaven in our yearning bosom,
In our souls a living God.**

SMILE AS OF YORE ON ME AGAIN.

What have I done to thee, my darling,
Why is bedimmed thy starry eye;
Thy pensive mien, it is alarming,
Why passeth thou me coldly by?

The heaven now may look foreboding
And threatening clouds o'ercast the sky,
A brighter day will soon be dawning
And bring to thee unmeasured joy.

Life's troubled waters will be passive
And joy thereon will cast a sheen,
In blissful dreams we then united
Will on its bosom glide serene.

And verdant shores, while Luna's guiding,
Will, to our longing eyes appear,
The guiding stars above us beaming
Will bring a sheltering harbor near.

And joyful then in love united
• Together we will reach the land,

Our troubles all will then have vanished,
Be buried on tempestuous strand.

Then sweeter songs the birds will warble
And summer skies again will reign,
Content thy heart, in happy measure,
Will, as of yore, then beat again.

In plaintive tones the dove is cooing,
The whip-poor-will calls to its mate
For thee, my lyre I am tuning,
Enchanting airs would I create.

The sweetest songs for thee I'll conjure,
Each note shall love for thee contain,
O, list to my impassioned pleading,
Smile as of yore on me again.

MAXINKUCKEE.

Enraptured I gaze on a water serene,
Not a wave is awake, no cloud can be seen,
In autumnal glory, in crimson and gold,
In this mirror reflected the wood I behold.

It sparkles, it glistens, this wonderful gem,
Outvieing in splendor a queen's diadem.
On its bosom so placid, in gorgeous array,
Immaculate lilies their beauty display.

The fishes disport in the crystalline flood,
The turtle-dove calls to its mate in the wood.
The heron sedately, the kingfisher flies,
And proudly the eagle soars up in the skies.

The golden-rod noddeth in sun-favored lair,
From fairy-like bowers the rose scents the air,
Half hidden in verdure from rock-riven bed
Comes bounding a spring, like a bright silver thread.

The fields in the distance their treasures unfold,
The hilltop, the valley, seem laden with gold;

From herds in the meadows the chime of their bells
Melodiously sounding comes over the dells.

The boats rest at anchor and limp hang the sails;
The breezes are hushed, dense silence prevails.
Contentedness only, and peace do I view,
And happiness smiles from the heaven so blue.

O, fair Indiana, this gem in thy crown
Will sparkle forever, will bring thee renown.
By thee would I tarry in woodland, in plain,
Exultingly linger in nature's domain.

DESPAIR.

The lightning flashes, thunder rolls,
The angry waves beat on the shoals;
No star of hope, no ray of light
To guard me through the tempest might.

Within my soul 'tis dark and drear;
There lurks but care, there hides but fear;
My heart is sad, all peace has flown,
On waters wide I drift alone.

A helpless toy on billows' crest
Toss'd aimless on with cruel zest,
No sheltering harbor, no beacon light,
No friend to cheer me through the night.

In vain I gaze to distant land,
My prayer brings no helping hand;
Despair reveals its hideous face,
And drags me down with mad embrace.

JOY.

The moon's on high, the world in light,
No cloud obscures the starry night.
The earth is decked in brightest hue;
Entranced I gaze the azure blue.

Within my breast 'tis light as day;
There merry guests exult at play,
There glasses clink at festal shrine,
Filled to the brim with sparkling wine.

Where e'er I go celestial rays
Escort me safely through my days,
With flowers sweet, my path is strewn,
None fairer yet have ever blown.

For joy the world I could embrace,
Within my soul its beauties trace;
O, world so grand, O, life so sweet,
Why are thy gifts so fleet, so fleet?

THE DRINKER'S BLISS.

My glass I fill to the brim with wine
And hold it aloft to the sun,
Within it thy eyes, so bright, I define
They lure me, and beckon me on,
And as I am proffered such rapturous bliss
For happiness find I the measure,
My glass I bring to the lips for a kiss,
Drink drop by drop, at my leisure.
When drained is the glass, and vanished the wine,
Thy image I look for in vain;
Thy beautiful eyes again to define,—
I fill it again, and again.

A FATHER'S HOPE.

Oft I gaze with satisfaction
On my son so young, so fair,
And my heart is faster beating
When he speaks with serious air,
Of sacrifice, and of devotion,
Of deeds heroic, acts sublime,
Of poesy, of art production,
Of present, and of ancient time.

His soul, I feel, is just awaking,
Attaining to a higher sphere,
And in the child's impassioned pleading
His earnest purpose does appear.
Upon his brow there is engraven
That free and open, seeks the light,
Excelsior, shall be my motto,
The truth alone will I invite.

Humanity shall be my study,
Ennobling action be my guide,
Abhor the vulgar, will I ever,
With prejudice I'll ne'er abide.

To genius and to minds immortal,
I'll homage pay, at regal shrine,
Decelt, and sham, I'll battle ever,
Pray but to nature, grand, divine.

So spake to me his winsome features
As in his cradle yet he lay;
That ne'er my hope will prove illusive,
His eye so sparkling seemed to say.
And so to-day, my goal approaching
This cherished wish, it still prevails,
My strength, my faith, is ever growing
While grandly forth his future sails.

PEARLS.

Thine eyes are dim, thou lookest sad,
And tears have veiled thy sight,
O, let them flow, recall them not,
Stem not their precious flight.

For balm they bring to burning wounds
By cruel fate decreed;
A load they lift from off thy heart,
Give strength to thee, in need.

O, pearls are they, that leave thine eyes,
Dipped from the purest fount !
More precious than a jeweled crown,
Their value I account.

For oped have they a world of bliss;
A heaven, shared by thee;
The greatest boon that love devised—
The tear, thou gavest me.

DEW DROPS.

I.

To a rose, with dew bespangled,
Sparkling in the morning sun,
Spoke a fairy, "Whence this splendor;
Where hast all these riches won?
Are these diamonds but to deck thee;
Is thy beauteous dress too plain?
Thou ambitious, charming flower,
Thou requirest no such gain."

II.

When the flowers all are slumb'ring,
Wakes a rose, but yet alone,
Waiting, sighing for its lover;
While the stars from heaven shone.
Love expressing, soft and gentle,
Longingly the flower speaks:
"Truant Dew, where hast thou lingered?
Bend to me thy welcome cheeks.
"See, my sisters all are sleeping,
Wrapt in blissful dreams at last;
(23)

I, alone, for thee am waking,
Come, oh come, 'ere night has past.'

And the dew the rose embraces
Loving as a cooling-dove,
Begg, entreats the beauteous flower
For a token of their love.

And the rose's lips so tempting,
To his fervent prayers yield,
Cupld, as of yore, has conquered,
Heart and heart, together sealed.

Willingly her head has fallen
On his bosom, free from care,
Hours flee as if but moments
While their love they oft declare.

As the day is fast approaching,
Now the lovers say adieu,
And unseen, on clouds departing,
Soaring upward, flees the dew.

And the gems so brightly gleaming
On the rose so glowing, fair,
Are but tears that shed at parting,
Love's devotion thus declare.

LIFE'S VOYAGES.

[Ballad.]

Life's voyages rehearsing,
While drinking sparkling wine,
Two men, in years declining,
Prate long of olden time,
And while their glasses clinking,
Quoth one unto his friend,
"Art thou with life contented,
Now near thy journey's end?"

The other thus responded
With joyous happy mien,
"Clear as this fount of nectar,
Like one exquisite dream,
As yonder sun departing
To glories of the sea,
Reflecting rays of splendor,
So passed my life to me.

"Few clouds my days have darkened,
Light heart my voyage led;
A world of joy, triumphant,
My path with roses spread.

Have I not wealth, not riches,
Call I remembrance mine,
That none can rob, can barter
For gold or jewels fine?

“Uncounted days of pleasure
’Neath sunlit summer skies,
Sweet memories recalling
In visions oft arise.
Life’s treasures have I gathered
In youth’s celestial time,
Where light, where love aboundeth,
My home I built, my shrine.

“And fearless can I follow
The call to shadow land,
I lived in youth rejoicing
So hopeful, bright, so grand.
Take up thy glass in mem’ry
Of youth so blissful fair;
Whom ne’er this boon was proffered
For him our pity spare.”

The other, solemn looking,
Embraced his aged friend,
“I merit thy compassion;
Ne’er can I make amend.

Your eyes so brightly beaming
Reveal my treasure flown,
My youth, so precious, vanished,
My hair now silver strewn.

“My goal was naught but riches,
But gain, my thought, my dream,
To nature blind, unheeding,
Its joy-producing stream.
O, could I penance offer,
My youth recall again,
Ambition would not tempt me,
And mammon plead in vain.

“Life’s wealth of choicest flowers
Hath lived and bloomed for thee;
In vain my tears are flowing,
The thorns were left for me.”

AWAY, AWAY.

Away, away, from musty room,
From toil and chase for gain,
Let troubles all, and cares behind,
Let nature thee ordain.

Away, away, the bluebird calls,
From morn till fades the day,
The robin sings, the meadow lark,
This gladsome roundelay.

Away, away, to hill and dell,
To meadows green and fair,
To babbling brook, to merry spring,
Where balmy is the air.

Away to woods and shady nooks
Where flowers thee invite,
To where in every blade of grass
Is pictured new delight.

Away, away, to azure skies,
To clouds enshrined in gold,

To where thy eyes in blissful dreams
A paradise behold.

Away, away, to fertile fields
That promise golden grain,
To where the bells of lowing herds
Contentedness proclaim.

Away to where thy happy song
A joyous echo wakes,
Where spring presides, where mirth abides,
New lease thy life partakes.

BOUNDING BLOOD.

Wherefore through my veins is flowing;
Why so warm the bounding blood;
Stem its flowing can I never,
This impetuous living flood?
Custom tells me I must govern
Nature's ever-gushing stream,
Which through wood and valley urges
Onward me, in blissful dream.

Where an omen gives me knowledge
Of a life of joy and bliss,
Of the ecstasy, the rapture,
Love's impassioned burning kiss,
Ever restless do I wander,
Causeless oft, my eyes are wet,
Sighing, in the distance gazing,
Dreaming, I the world forget.

Bounding blood was to me given,
Love was in my bosom sown;
Gently is the zephyr sighing,
Nature beckons from its throne;

Budding flowers smile upon me,
Balmy odors fill the air,
All is happy, and rejoicing,
Hailing life, divinely fair,
Shall but I in sorrow ponder,
Without love, and without joy,
Among beds of roses wander
And their fragrance not enjoy?
Why not pluck the radiant flower
That upon my pathway grows?
Battle can I now no longer—
On my bosom glows the rose.

WILL TO A DREAM IT ALL CONFORM?

Will e'er appear the dreaded dawning
That would our bond of souls destroy,
Will tearless ne'er I rue our parting,
Will we as strangers pass us by?

Will thy misfortune, will thy sorrow
Leave unaffected, cold my heart?
Will ne'er awake a gladsome morrow
That would from thee new bliss impart?

Will ne'er my heart be faster beating
When I thy beauteous form espy;
Will heaven not my bosom enter,
If gaze I should into thine eye?

Will ne'er upon me seize the longing,
For thee with might of old again;
Will ne'er my soul again inspired,
Bow to thy soul's enchanting reign?

The future we together builded,
Will it depart like mist at morn?

The happiness by us created,
Will to a dream it all conform?

Those loving words, endearing, gentle,
Will they to dreary deserts flee?
Will withered be the radiant flower,
On love's perennial verdant tree?

Must but from memory then I borrow;
Would happiness again I see?
Waits bliss for me, or future sorrow?
The roses shall my fate decree.

MAY NIGHT.

The night enfolds in mystic veiling
The earth in slumber and in dream,
Illumined orbs from heaven beaming
Spread all around a magic sheen.

The air is balmy, fragrance wafting,
Uncounted flowers breathe delight;
The crickets chirp, the zephyrs sighing
But gently break the stilly night.

The boughs and bushes, verdure-laden,
Sway gently in the balmy breeze;
The babbling brook the stars reflecting,
Goes joyfully on to distant seas.

Entranced, I gaze upon this splendor,
For joy my heart leaps in my breast;
Embrace I would the starry heaven,
The world with boundless beauty blest.

Within my bosom hope is kindled,
A soul-inspiring, glowing flame;

My path it lights to fairy bowers,
Where love inscribes its holy name.

Where heart and heart have found another
In blissful May, 'neath moon and star,
A heaven is on earth created
And Cupid holds the gates ajar.

STARRY EYES.

I gaze into thy starry eyes
So beautiful, so bright,
Within their depth my heaven lies,
All else is gloom, is night.

O, beam on me thy brightest rays,
Then bliss is mine, sublime;
May love illumine thy path always
Undimmed by tears or time.

The sun may sink in dreary skies
The stars may fade away,
If thou but ope thy starry eyes,
My path is bright as day.

TWO GOBLETS.

When tolls the hour, the death proclaiming,
When nature bids me say adieu,
Then let my life, my earthly wandering,
Pass in my mind in grand review.

But ere from friends I part, endearing,
And leave, for aye, this world of bliss,
One favor yet am I imploring,
Then take from me the parting kiss.

The goblets bring from which I tasted
The joys of life, its misery,
For know I would, from earth departing,
Which of the two has favored me.

First pass the one, the heart dejecting,
Containing naught, but grief and care;
Its weight is to my soul revealing
That but the half came to my share.

Then bring the goblet, bliss dispensing;
So light it seems; it sounds so clear;

Not e'en one single drop remaining
In this enchanted cup of cheer,

And as the fountain is now barren
From which so oft I drank, so well,
But yet remains the sorrow laden
Wherein but sighs, but tears excel.

To death my hand I give exulting;
Not will I tarry, will I flee,
But follow gently without murmur
To unknown realms, quite merrily

MY SABBATH.

The church bell tolls from steeple high,
Aloud on Sabbath day,
And calls into the temples grand
The Christian man to pray.

In vain does toll the Sabbath bell,
In vain it calls aloud,
It calls not me to gothic domes
To temples grand, and proud,

To where a sal'ried eloquence,
From gilded pulpit speaks,
Where painted glass day's light rejects,
Ashamed an entrance seeks.

Oh no! forbear; here find I not
What I implore to see,
Where lifeless images I find
There dwells no God for me.

But where I see the sun, the stars,
Where nature does appear,

Here do I see his mighty works,
There feel I, he is near.

And so I see his name inscribed
In every leaf and stone;
In every cloud that passes by
I see his mighty throne.

I gaze upon the ocean wide,
Upon the beauteous land,
I look to mountain peaks on high,
His works sublime, so grand.

Surrounded thus by nature's charms,
Above, the open sky,
There's my pew on Sabbath day,
There find I faith and joy.

Therefore in vain does toll the bell
In solemn tones aloud,
It calls not me to gothic domes,
To temples grand, and proud.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

Hark the winds so sadly moaning,
Coursing wildly as in fear,
Loudly roaring, gently sighing,
In the woodland dead and drear;
Who these voices, so foreboding
Can interpret, can explain?
Songs of nature without wording,
That resound in leafless plain?

This discoursing of the breezes,
This discordant song of strife,
Is the harbinger of pleasures
In the cheerless path of life.
It is spring's advancing column
Now awaking hill and dale,
Rudely calling what is slumb'ring,
Piercing nature's icy mail.

• 'Tis the zephyr gently coying,
Oping blossoms, tender, fair,
Waking hearts and waking flowers,
Floating softly through the air.

And the breezes nightly roaring,
Wake the woodland from its dream
Wake the mountain and the valley,
The imprisoned silver stream.

O, ye messengers from heaven,
Wafting nature new again;
Wake all mortals from their stupor,
Lead them on to higher plain.
O, ye zephyr, gently blowing,
Lovely spring, forget me not;
Joy proclaimer, heart extoller,
Waft to all a brighter lot.

THE LILY.

On a sheen of crystal water,
 Bloomed a lily fair and white,
Basking in the sun at morning,
 Bathing in the dew at night.

Zephyrs sighed and whispered to her
 Wavelets came to kiss her hair,
And the water sprites and fairies
 Would their love to her impart.

None could in the water gaze,
 See what in the bottom lies,
Smiling looked the charming flower,
 Innocently to the skies.

Time I give the virgin's number
 Eulogizing thee, my maid,
Purer gems to queen adorned,
 Grandeur jewels never were made.

* * * * *

On the maiden's warm bosom
 Rests the ill-pure and white,
 (42)

Adding beauty, to her beauty,
Scintillating in the light.

Keeping step to music gaily,
Seems her happiness complete;
Gathered 'round her are admirers
Placing homage at her feet.

None can see into her bosom—
Of her grief no one would know;
None would guess that 'neath yon flower
Throbs a heart, in silent woe.

ENJOY TO-DAY, FOR THINE IS NOT THE
MORROW.

I.

Cast from thy heart the little burdens of this earth,
While fortune is thy favoring star,
On wings, too soon, alas! the time is speeding,
When love but shines for thee afar.
Enjoy to-day, for thine is not the morrow.
When naught to thee is brought but sorrow,
Then but departed pleasures canst thou own,
And joy, from yesterday must borrow.

The youth a duty owes, from age approaching;
To banish trouble, want, and grinding care,
So of thy pleasures be a wise custodian,
That age may yet retain a share.
Whatever future for thee may have in store,
Thou gathered hast in a precious fold;
Thy harvest wealth, on sunlit, summer day,
Ere tempest reigned, for winter's cold.

II.

Thou who hast for me the summer days of life
Truly molded into days of joy,

Forget, that after day, must follow night,
The present not with plaints destroy.
What if the present has its constant troubles,
Bidding ever us to watch, and fear,
Illumes it not our path with thousand wonders,
Through all our life, e'en to the bier?

Each being has of bliss a share on earth,
For thee as well it was meted out;
Rob not thyself of thy allotted part,
But claim what flowers bloom about.
And in the afterday, when age has bowed thee down,
Gaze backward then where love reposes;
Dream of the past, thy many happy moments,
The cypress blending with the roses.

THE PLAINT OF THE ROSE.

Why must I forsaken wither
In the darkness, in the gloom,
Was but beauty to me given
In obscurity to bloom?

Why should all my splendor vanish,
Perish in a joyless strife,
Without love and without pleasure,
In a dismal, lonely life?

Why my fragrance must I scatter
Idly on the desert air,
None to breathe the balmy odor,
Die unloved I, in despair?

Could I but adorn the bosom
Of a maiden, lovely, fair;
Could I but a moment linger
On her tresses, deck her hair,

Not in vain, then, had I blossomed,
Happiness would reign supreme;
Gladly would I die and wither,
Fade away in blissful dream.

NIGHT AT MAXINKUCKEE.

In my hammock idly dreaming,
Swinging 'neath a linden tree,
Through the boughs the zephyr sighing,
Crickets chirping merrily;
And before me lies resplendent
Maxinkuckee, placid sheen;
Moonbeams with the wavelets dancing,
Form a most bewitching scene.

And the katydid and locust
Hum their plaintive lullaby.
Stars above me, brightly sparkling,
Wrap my soul in ecstasy.
Boats are o'er the water gliding,
Oars are dipped in liquid gold,
And the twain who are them plying,
Cupid as their guest behold.

Strains of music, songs enchanting
Float upon the balmy air;
Peals of laughter, joyful shouting
Wake the echo everywhere.

From the shores the lake surrounding
Beacon-lights are shining bright,
Their reflection in the water
Vieing with the orbs of night.

Naught to break the merry-making—
Mirth and pleasure reign supreme;
Nature, even, is rejoicing,
Sheds its blessing o'er the scene.
Maxinkuckee, fount of pleasure,
Fairer could no Eden be;
In my mem'ry ever linger,
Bring to me sweet reverie.

MY QUEEN.

Could I enfold thy form divine
In blissful love's embrace,
Drink nectar from thy lips again,
Gaze on thy beauteous face.

Could I my love to thee confide,
The longing I endure,
Tell how my thoughts by night, by day
Are of thy image, pure.

Could I but fly where love abides,
Divinely, ever true,
Where happiness, where bliss resides,
Where skies are ever blue.

Could I then gaze into thine eyes
And read thy soul aright,
But kneel again before my queen—
Our souls for aye unite.

MURMUR OF THE WAVES.

By a streamlet swiftly flowing
Once I strolled at night alone,
Peace and silence reigned around me,
Not a star to guide me shone.
All was hushed in blissful slumber,
Not a sound disturbed the night,
Save the murmur of the wavelets
Softly whisp'ring in their flight.
I alone was 'wake and list'ning
To their ever merry play,
To their rippling, never ceasing,
Speeding on in restless way.
And while gazing in the darkness
O'er the woodland, rose the moon,
And reflecting on the waters,
Spread around a magic gloom.
Hardly were the rays of silver
Cast upon the streamlet clear,
Than the rivulets, lightly tripping
Now as dancers did appear.

And a fairy, beauty beaming,
Led the dancers graceful on,
And as music to their gliding
Sang a most bewitching song:

“Follow me to lands of splendor
To a home of peace and joy,
Where from trouble we are shielded,
There no sorrows us annoy.
Follow me while Luna’s guiding
To an ever happy clime,
But to gain this land of wonder
All your efforts must combine.
Soon, then, free from toil, and labor,
Soon we’ll see the gates ajar;
To the ocean be our motto,
See! the heaven is not far.”

And the little waves confiding
In the siren’s magic song,
In the chorus all uniting
Followed her in joyous throng.
And the echo of their voices
Sounded sweetly in mine ear,
And I saw the wavelets gliding
To that promised haven, near.

But, alas, what they were seeking
Did not dwell at ocean's door;
Disappointed, loudly moaning,
Now the angry waves did roar:
And their voices no more charming
Sounded now in terror's tone,
"Oh, you faithless, faithless fairy,
Can you ever this atone?"

MY BRIGHTEST STAR.

Alone I stood in silent night
Awaiting thee,
Stars shone from heaven, wondrous bright,
But thou alone, my brightest star,
Thou soarest yet so far, so far.

There suddenly illumines the night
A meteor;
All other stars fade from my sight,
O, star of love, thou light divine,
Beam thou on me, be truly mine.

While greeting yet my truant star,
My soul's delight,
Dark, threat'ning clouds appear afar;
Obscure my sight; I gaze in vain,
Sad is my heart, alone again.

ODE TO NIGHT.

Night divine, from heaven coming,
Bringing rest, sweet rest, again,
In thy mantle me enfolding,
Strewn with stars, a golden train.

Carry me on pinions, soaring,
To where skies are boundless, clear,
Sing to me sweet songs of slumber,
Rhymes of childhood, ever dear.

Let thy magic powers reigning
Rock me in oblivious dream,
Moonbeams let before me dancing
In the starlight glow and gleam.

Banish every form of terror,
Pain and sorrow put to flight,
Sprites and fairies let appearing
Once again my soul delight.

Show to me the lovely being
Which is haunting me alway,
(55)

Soaring on a cloud of silver,
Free with her would I away.

Then I'd tell her of my longing,
My devotion then declare,
And beneath thy starry mantle
With her earth and heaven share.

CANST THOU REMEMBER?

Canst thou remember yet, the days entrancing,
When fortune smiled on us galore;
When wreaths of roses we were winding,
Which we had plucked from precious store?
Canst thou remember?

Canst thou remember yet, the hours so fleeting,
The blessed hours of rare content,
Which, hand in hand, the world forgetting,
We, eye in eye, together spent?
Canst thou remember?

Canst thou remember yet, the days of gladness,
Yon life illuming, ray of light?
The fount, where Lethe we imbibing,
Enraptured oft, our souls took flight?
Canst thou remember?

Canst thou remember yet, the joyful moments,
Exquisite, infinite, divine,
When, heart to heart, our lips united,
We soared in realms of love, sublime?
Canst thou remember?

EARLY RAYS.

I greet thee, welcome, sunny rays,
The first from sunny skies;
Ye carriers of budding life,
Of joy, of glad surprise.
Ye messengers from spring's abode,
Ye mirth extending band,
Ye children with the hair of gold,
With magic, flow'ry wand.

In mind your presence I perceive,
A joyous throng I see;
The earth in festal robe is decked,
And longingly I flee,
Where azure skies again appear,
My heart in bliss is wrought,
Where inspiration moves my soul
To higher planes of thought.

I greet thee, virgin, sunny rays,
Ye messengers of bliss,
By zephyrs wafted to our shores,
To earth, a loving kiss.

O, dwell upon this barren shore,
Wake nature, thee to view,
Strew flowers on our path galore,
Lead us to life anew.

FORGIVE.

Forgive, forgive, O precious word,
Crown jewel of delight,
To love, a hallowed, cherished boon,
A gem of purest light.

Forgive, forgive, O speak the word,
The effort be it great,
For peace it brings and joy again
To sorrowful estate.

Forgive, forgive, O tarry not,
To-morrow 'tis too late;
In vain then will thy voice resound
At closed sepulcher gate.

Forgive, forgive, O hearken well
When plaintive voices plead;
Cast anger and false pride away,
Naught but contrition heed.

Forgive, forgive, O magic word,
The echo fill the world,
Till tears no more the eye bedim,
Till hate from earth is hurled.

TARRY NOT.

Hearken when thy heart is speaking,
Every throb thee urging on,
Longingly is thee beseeching
When thy heart, a heart has won.

Fly, O fly, to where thy presence
Gladness brings, and joy supreme,
To where glances, tender, loving,
As from heaven on thee beam.

Where the stars are brightly shining
Roses smile upon thee, fair;
Where the songbirds bring thee greeting,
Thy rejoicing with thee share.

To where arms for thee are open,
Eyes enraptured gaze in thine;
To where constancy, devotion,
In their depths thou canst define.

Tarry not where love is waiting,
Strewing flowers on thy shrine,
Soul and soul, commune together,
And a world of bliss is thine.

MY WINGED STEED.

The sails are set, the anchor weighed,
The wind blows fresh and strong,
My ship I steer through wave and foam
Its joyous course along.

The breakers on the bow I take,
The storm king's fury brave,
The threat'ning squall I quickly meet,
Conform to wind and wave.

The rudder grasped with steady hand
In ship-shape sheet and shroud,
It answers quickly to the helm,
Glides o'er the waters proud.

The wavelets gently kiss the prow,
Caress along the lee,
And laughingly, go gaily on
In blissful ecstasy.

The swallow darts from azure sky,
Skips o'er the water light,
(62)

The sea-gull slowly passes by
In ever changing flight.

The wind is fresh, the sun is warm,
Light clouds adorn the sky,
The distant em'rald wooded shores
Pass, ever changing, by.—

O, give to me on waters pure,—
With shores by nature blest,
Where skies are blue, the wind is fair,—
A ship, by winds caressed.

A buoyant steed, with pinions spread,
With flags and streamers gay,
The rudder give to me in hand,
Then would I sail away,

And glide upon the crested wave
With troubles all, alee,
Not change I for a golden crown,
Sail I the waters free.

TOO LATE.*

Flowers on his bier are centered,
Fragrant lilies, roses fair,
Gentle tokens without number
In profusion scent the air.

Wreaths of cypress and of flowers,
Trailing smilax, symbols grand,
Rest upon his feet, his pillow,
E'en within his wilted hand.

But upon his path so dreary,
Which in life he trod alone,
Not a flower ever blossomed,
Not a rose was ever strewn.

But one unpretentious flower,
But a pansy growing wild,
Would, upon his pathway planted,
Saved, perhaps, this erring child.

Would, perhaps, again have kindled
Hope anew within his breast;

*In memory of a departed friend.

Would have cheered him on his journey,
Given strength to him, and rest.

Life to him was void of pleasure,
Without love and without light,
Death he chose to hopeless struggle,
Where the right succumbs to might.

And the beautiful, fragrant flowers,
Ne'er in life for him had blown;
Now, too late, by weeping mourners,
On his grave, alas, are strewn.

ALL BLISS UPON THIS EARTH IS WON.

When the end is fast approaching
And obscured appears the day,
When the fatal morn has dawned,
And I to nature tribute pay;
Then would I crave to have the power
Before the final call will come,
To valiantly unfold my banner,—
All bliss upon this earth is won.

When the storm is disappearing,
Then doubly bright appears the sun,
To gratefully esteem our joys,
Our task in tears is oft begun;
So tears to me where freely given,
Capriciously my course has run,
But still my joys in mem'ry linger,—
All bliss upon this earth is won.

No priest from me shall rob it ever,
Shall tear from me my paradise,
Not will I of his superstition
Which after death, but bliss implies.

O, nature grand, O, world so fair,
When finally I greet the sun,
My dying words shall be, rejoicing,
All bliss upon this earth is won.

SILENT MOURNER.

No tolling bells, no mourning friends,
No car with flowers fraught,
And yet to final rest to-day
A precious dream was brought.

A dream of joy, a dream of love,
In death was buried low,
A single mourner feels the loss—
Whose tears in silence flow.

No gaping crowd, no anthems loud,
No mournful air was played,
A girl her cruel fate laments,
Her dream in a grave was laid.

NO WORD MY LIPS ESCAPE.

I read within thy starry eyes,
To heaven gazing wide,
The craving of a yearning soul,
Its longings to confide.
Why hidest thou thy heart's desire,
The joy thou wouldst awake;
Am I not silent as the grave,
No word my lips escape?

Deep down into thy soul I gaze,
Rare gems therein I find,
Why be cast down, why sorrowful,
To thee was nature kind.
Confide unto a kindred soul
Who ne'er will thee forsake,
Am I not silent as the grave,
No word my lips escape?

On zephyr wings the spring appears
The earth anew is blest,
And hope supreme, and songs again
Are kindled in our breast,

Wilt thou alone retiring, flee,
Where days of joy awake?
Am I not silent as the grave,
No word my lips escape?

SONG OF THE KATYDID.

The day was long,
The night is on,
From bush and tree
Sings merrily—
You did, you did,
The katydid,

All summer long
Its joyous song,
Melodiously,
As hours flee—
You did, you did,
You did, you did.

In shady nook
By babbling brook,
I heard you well
Your love to tell;
You did, you did,
You did, you did,

A pretty miss
I saw you kiss;

Your fond caress
On raven tress—
You did, you did,
You did, you did.

I wish you well,
I'll never tell;
My glad refrain
Is, kiss again.
Do as I bid
Sings katydid.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

Sunbeams on the water dancing,
Clouds of silver in the sky,
Zephyrs with the boughs caressing,
Swallows passing idly by.

Golden harvest in the distance,
Glist'ning in the morning sun,
Herds upon the hilltop grazing,
Wading in the shaded run,

Over fences gray and aged,
O'ergrown with moss and vine,
Peeps the crimson sumac flower,
Grape, its tinted leaves entwine.

And in gold and em'rald billows
Waves the plumed and tasseled corn,
In the meadow, bees are swarming,
Golden-rod the fields adorn.

Languidly the brook is flowing
Dreamingly the lilies lie

On the water's placid bosom,
Where reflected is the sky.

All is hushed as if in slumber,
Not a sound disturbs the scene;
Save the birds, their carols singing,
All is peaceful and serene.

'Tis a day but for rejoicing,
Life seems worth the living for,
Nature pours its horn of plenty
E'en at the humble cottage door.

THE NEGLECTED LYRE.

For mammon ever craving,
The chase for idle gain,
Have hushed thee, tuneful lyre,
Thy ever soulful strain.

Almost thou wert forgotten
Amid the clink of gold,
Pursuing fame and fortune,
My love for thee grew cold.

But now again I take thee
Expectantly to hand,
Thou precious heart extoller,
Who oft my sorrows banned.

But lo! the strings are broken,
And tangled, without sound,
In shreds and loosely hanging,
No tone therein is found.

For naught is all my trouble,
The strings to place again;

Sweet tones again to conjure,
My efforts were in vain.

And while in sorrow musing,
The old time songs to find,
There blows with sudden fury,
Amid the strings, the wind,

And harshly they were speaking
In tones of thunder, loud,
"Who but for mammon battles,
But of his gold is proud;

"Who but in hoarding treasures,
In wealth but finds delight;
For him, there bloom no flowers,
No stars illumine his night.

"His bosom ne'er will harbor
A song, or soulful strain,
No tone his heart will enter,
No tender chords retain.

"To him no songs I offer,
With joyful message fraught,
The soul's harmonious blending,
No gold has ever bought."

INQUISITIVE GUEST.

Why seekest, moon, with prying eye,
Through vine-clad roof to peep,
Can never I be undisturbed,
My love alone to seek ?

Obtrusive art thou, indiscreet,
Thou'rt spying all the night,
I surely find, without thy aid,
Where rosy lips invite.

For starry eyes so brightly shine
That darkness turns to day;
Go hence from here, I wish thee not
Inquiring guest, away !

WAS IT A DREAM?

O, was it but a dream, enchanting,
Were not the joys of heaven mine;
Was but a phantom I pursuing,
Was blessed with love, I not, divine?
Was illusion but my senses charming,
While list'ning thee with all my soul,
Was 't not a star, a light deceiving,
That mocking in my heart had stole?
Was 't but a dream which I had woven
So airy light, yet treasure fraught,
That I a soul to me had taken
Which ruled my will, my very thought?
Heard falsely I when music sounded,
From off thy lyre, attuned for joy;
Thy songs of love, so soul-inspiring,
Should they the moment but employ?

NONE FAIRER TO BEHOLD.

A kiss from thee, a loving look,
Brings bliss untold to me,
And opes a virgin paradise,
None fairer would I see.

One glance from thine enchanting eyes,
In love upon me cast;
One single, but endearing word
Blots out the dreary past.

But when thou passest frowning by,
My happiness is flown;
The gates of heaven close again,
And sad I feel, and lone.

But givest me thy hand again,
All sorrow quickly flies;
A kiss from thee, a loving look,
Makes light the darkest skies.

WHY ASK THE STARS?

Far from the multitude, the toiling,
In blissful spring, in beauteous night,
With blooming nature me surrounding,
Did I behold the heavens bright.

Enraptured then the stars beholding,
Their light in wonderment I saw,
Celestial worlds their cycles rounding,
O'erpowered me with reverent awe.

While pond'ring thus, and meditating,
I built in mind, of wings a pair,
And with them soared in skies eternal
Up to the stars, divinely fair.

From star to star then quickly flying,
Celestial knowledge did I store,
Amazed, I saw a countless million
Of heavenly orbs in ether soar.

And, tired from my aerial voyage,
From what I saw, what I had learned,

What to my soul was manifested,
What I in boundless realm discerned,

Again to earth I flew contented,
Now radiant in the spring attire,
And following its path rejoicing,
Anew I tuned my silent lyre.

“Let worlds roll on, in clouds ascending,
For me a flower blooms alone,
Upon its fragrance will I, feasting,
Within its shadow build my home.

“Not hesitate my wings to proffer
To proud ambition, honors fleet;
Why ask the stars in heaven soaring,
When happiness dwells at my feet?”

ODE TO MUSIC.

Power sublime, which in tones enchanting,
Unto our hearts sweet anthems sings;
Our souls on wings of inspiration guiding,
To heaven's portals nearer brings.

Within our bosom unknown longings waking,
Faint heart, with valor onward cheers,
To actions grand, heroic, us inspiring,
The sad, consoling, drying tears.

Which strengthens, us adversity to carry,
With garlands winds our cup of mirth,
The wrath of hate, and fury gently bridles,
New hope within our breast gives birth.

Thou messenger of sentiment ennobling,
Which tunelessly our heart invades—
Pæans, to thee I consecrate, rejoicing,
Extolling thee in sylvan shades.

Thou from the purest fountain ever flowing,
Thou spring, celestial, divine;

Flow on, mankind with harmony endowing,
With strains enchanting and sublime.

Sound on, until the echo souls attuning
Throughout the world wakes glad refrains,
In every yearning heart reverberating
A symphony of joy proclaims.

FIRST LOVE.

When I gaze upon the flowers
On my path profusely strewn,
And my heart I ask the question,
Which has love, first to me shewn?
Then mine eye, my soul rejoicing,
Seeks a rose divinely fair,
Seeks a flower, yet a blossom,
Unpretentious, pure and rare.

And while gazing on her beauty
Dreams of rapture I retain,
And my love in all its glory
As of yore, then blooms again,
And I feel a fervent longing;
My devotion would I prove,
As when yet a youth I listened
To the syren song of love.

Love to me was freely given,
Many tendered me esteem,
Have I others flattered, courted,
Have I beauties many seen;

Yet awakes this rose enchanting,
Yet this flower pure, divine,
A remembered, hallowed moment,
Kneeling at celestial shrine.

Days and years have gone and vanished
Since this flower bloomed for me,
Ne'er forget will I the hour
When it plighted constancy.
And when others all have wilted
On oblivion's barren shore,
Blooms alone this beauteous flower,
In my heart, forever more.

COME SOON.

Come go with me
To the wood so free,
Where through boughs so green
Skies serene are seen,
Where freedom dwells,
Where the song excels,
And the mocking-bird is singing from the tree,
Come soon, come soon.

Come go with me
To the wood so free,
Where on flowers wild
The spring has smiled,
Where the cricket's song
Sounds the summer long,
And the zephyr whispers gently in the wood,
Come soon, come soon.

Come go with me
To the wood so free,
Where in shady nook
Flows the babbling brook;

Where the squirrel plays,
Where the robin lays,
And the echo brings your gladsome shouting back,
Come soon, come soon.

Come go with me
To the wood so free,
Ere the leaves are dead,
Ere the summer fled,
Ere the tempest storm
All the trees has shorn,
And the winter comes so cruel, drear and cold.
Come soon, come soon.

THOU ART SO FAR.

The moon, so brightly shining,
Through vine-clad arbor peeps.
The zephyr softly blowing,
In voice caressing speaks;
On every leaf is sparkling
A diamond pure and clear,
Wherein the stars resplendent,
Reflected reappear.

And flowers without number,
With perfume scent the air;
Enraptured with such splendor
I gaze to heaven fair,
And ask the stars assembled,
That smiling beam on me,
Where is my love abiding?
O, could to her I flee,

And share with her, rejoicing,
What riches I perceive,
But silence reigns supremely,
No answer I receive.

O, could I but enfold thee,
My love, my truant star;
The cricket sings contented,
But thou, thou art so far.

TO A SOULFUL BEAUTY.

Is it thine eyes so brightly beaming,
The rose's bloom upon thy cheek;
Is it thy lips, to kiss-alluring,
Thy raven locks that freedom seek?
Is this why blissfully, entrancing,
So longfully my heart aglows;
Is this why I, all else forgetting,
Lay at thy feet the choicest rose?

For love's delight, for sweet caressing,
For all, to make a heart rejoice,
Has nature thee in richest measure,
Of all its blessings given choice.
But what my heart for thee has conquered,
Was thy enchanting soul, sublime;
Mine eyes in all thy beauty revel,
My soul delights in greeting thine.

FOREVER THINE.

Thy starry orbs so scrutinizing,
So searching gaze into mine eye,
As if within my soul divining,
My inmost thought therein to spy;
To read if still my heart is beating,
Devotedly at sacred shrine,
If yet my soul, by thee inspired,
Still longs to soar again, with thine.

If yet the buds of love so tender,
Still thrive in our enchanted grove,
If yet the roses bloom, the fragrant
Implanted by our early love;
If yet the blissful, lovelit morning,
Still greets me with its golden rays,—
If yet the fount, thy love credencing,
Flows as of yore, for me always.

With thousand questions me besieging,
Their cause they eloquently plead;
If silent though, thy lips remaining,
I in thine eyes their language read.

I ne'er in words can give thee answer,
Yet promising a world of bliss,
'Tis in my arms, thee fast enfolding,
One lingering, fervent, tender kiss

A kiss so loving, so entrancing,
So deep of feeling, so profound,
As ne'er to gods was ever tendered,
Who trysting met on sacred ground.
So glowing, warm, so sweetly longing,
So blissfully devout, divine,
That ne'er again wouldst dare to doubt me,
My love for thee, forever thine.

WHAT THEN, WHAT THEN?

In a wood in verdure hidden,
Where to enter it was forbidden,
Bloomed a rose sublimely fair,
Her fragrance wafting to the air.

Far and near the fairest flower,
Conscious of her dazzling power,
Artfully her thorns concealing,
Evermore her charms revealing.

To her the dew brought jewels bright,
The stars kept vigil in the night,
The shade at noon was to her born,
The sun would wake her in the morn.

The birds to her sang roundelays,
The passing brook, would murmur praise;
The bees to her would honey bring,
The cricket, songs of slumber sing.

She was the queen of wood and dale,
Her word was law, which ne'er would fail,

And haughty was she, cold and proud,
Ne'er leave the wood, so had she vowed.

O, proud enchanter, do beware,
If sun, if stars do for thee care,
Some youth will come within thy ken,
Caressing thee, and then—what then?

MY IDEAL.

Being divine, my soul enchanting,
My ideal, my heart's delight,
Thou star from heaven grandly beaming,
Which beckons me to regal light;
Thou who from night of dungeon darkness,
Hast rescued me to brightest day,
Thou who my tears hast dried, consoling
Thy vigils kept o'er me alway,

Thou angel fair, my path illuming,
Strewing flowers, fragrant, rare,
From goblets filled to overflowing,
With nectar, drowning grief and care.
Who hast to me where gods abiding,
Eternal love, dispensing, soar,
Upon my brow thy laurel winding,
Transported me to blissful shore.

To thee with admiration gazing,
My all, I consecrate to thee,
What to my soul was manifested,
Belief, devotion, constancy,
(95)

What in my heart was deeply hidden,
Into a wreath for thee I'll wind,
In mem'ry of the hours entrancing,
The laurel, with the rose entwined.

STORM.

Who never at Olympian fountain
Drank nectar and ambrosia,
Who ne'er has drained the soul enchanting,
The cup of love, in reverent awe;

Who longingly has never tarried
At Cupid's shrine, in hopeful bliss,
His soul in realms eternal soaring,
Awaiting love's bewitching kiss;

Who ne'er in night of dungeon darkness,
Dejected, gazed to vacant space,
With heavy heart his lot deploring,
Despair could in his bosom trace;

Whom love has ne'er a heaven opened,
A paradise to him revealed,
The inmost depth of hades explored,
In caverns black, his heart congealed;

Whose life has run a placid river,
Unruffled yet by time or storm,

Whose bosom passion entered never,
Implanting there a rankling thorn;

Ne'er has he lived, has but existed,
Life lost to him its greatest charm,
The grand effects of life and nature,
Are but produced by raging storm.

RAINDROPS.

In my study meditating
Over books of ancient lore,
Ruminating, contemplating,
On the wisdom there in store;

And absorbed, deeply thinking
O'er problems of the age,
Knowledge drinking, wisdom seeking,
Eager turning page for page,

When the lightning's sudden flashing
And the thunder's mighty roar,
Roused me from my meditation,
Rattling at my study door.

And the rain, in torrents falling,
Clashed against my window pane,
On the roof I heard it beating,
Coming on in mighty train.

Patter, patter, in great clatter,
On the roof in rhythmic time,
(99)

Tunefully the rain descended,
As in meter and in rhyme.

And no further ruminating
Could I in my ancient lore,
List'ning to the raindrops speaking,
O'er their tattle did I pore.

One would ask, "Where art thou going"—
Of the raindrop by its side,—
"To the ocean, grandly roaring,
On the crested wave to ride?"

And another, quickly passing,
Said, "To flowers, gentle, fair,
Thirsty, suffering, wilting, dying,
Would I, comforting, repair."

Still another, persuading,
Would companions urge along—
"Come with me to wood and meadow,
To the home of joy and song."

And another says at parting,
That his course has just begun,—
"I shall seek the placid river,
Follow in the crystal run."

One, the other, would, responding,
Tell a tale of grief and woe,
Of a songbird, silent, suff'ring,
To relieve him would it go.

Every raindrop had a mission,
Speeding on a joyous task,
Of their destination tattling,
Untold questions would they ask.

The incessant patter, patter,
Of the rain upon the roof,
Rocked me into blissful slumber,
Weaving dreams of mystic woof.

Brook, and lake, and ocean roaring,
Shrubs, and trees, and flowers fair,
Would the raindrops take, rejoicing,
In rejuvenating care.

And I saw them shining, glist'ning,
Over all the blooming earth,
Starry gems, translucent, gleaming,
Upon verdure, new of birth.

On a rainbow, arched triumphant,
Saw I written bright and bold—
—We're the life, the all-sustainers,
Destiny of worlds we hold.

AVE MARIA.

Persecuted and despondent,
By misfortune sorely tried,
The unfathomed chasm yawning,
Of despair, so dark, so wide,

Tearful, sighing, heavy hearted,
Staring into vacant night,
Martyr to a cause derided,
World forgotten, void of light.

Not one ray of hope appearing,
Out of darkness, me to show,
Hopeless, my ill fate deploring,
Beat my heart in silent woe.

Voices suddenly intoning,
Sweetly sounded from afar,
As from clouds above descending
From a distant soaring star.

And the tones so sweetly blending,
As from bells, so soft and clear,
(102)

Mercifully, bliss extending,
Heavenly visions made appear.

Ave Maria, so endearing,
Balm for my distracted soul;
Ave Maria, elevating,
Led me on to brighter goal.

If belief was the creator
Of this music, grand, profound,
Faith my soul had entered never,
In my heart, did ne'er redound,

Yet it carried me entranced
To the realms above the sky,
And unconsciously resounding,
In my bosom found reply.

Ave Maria, intonating,
Blessed tears escape mine eyes;
Heaven in my bosom enters,
And in glory beam the skies.

FLOWERS WILD.

We're children of the wilderness,
Inhabit wood and dale,
We're flowers wild, in freedom born,
And fragrance free exhale.

Not care we for a gard'ner's lore,
For trellis or for roof,
We ne'er in prison would repine,
From shelter keep aloof.

We bloom rejoicing, free from care,
Beneath the open skies,
Bathe in the dew, breathe balmy air,
Where free the eagle flies.

We are the first to greet the sun,
The last, the stars to see,
With zephyrs play we hide and seek
In blissful revelry.

The songbirds sing us melodies,
In concert all the day,

The cricket sings, the katydid
A gladsome roundelay.

We brave the tempest and the storm,
Care not for praise or fame,
We're flowers wild, in freedom born,
And freedom we proclaim.



[illegible]

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